The Bystander, November 20, 1918. No. 781. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

THE MODERN SAMSON

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527.
Nightly, 7.45. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
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Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.20
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2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon - Insurance - Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 18th day of November, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 27th day of November, 1918.

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BYSTANDER VICTORY COMMENTS

That Wonderful Monday!

After all, we did cheer and sob and thank God with a fervour such as never before had swayed us. "Hostilities to cease at eleven"—that was the magic key which opened the floodgates. To think—just to think—that with the stroke of eleven the lads "out there" would be safe from wounds and death, and that, after all they had endured, they would come home to share the victory they had won. The very thought had its delirium; and as the hour struck we stood with bared heads and gave thanks to the God of Battles, who was also the God of Life. The guns of death were silenced with the first golden stroke from the bell-tower . . . . Could the dead hear it, we wondered—our gallant dead? Was there joy in their souls also in the land where soldiers rest? So one thought of this one and that—a very gallant company of dear fellows—and of one above all the others, as the little church rang out the hour.

How the News Came to the Strand

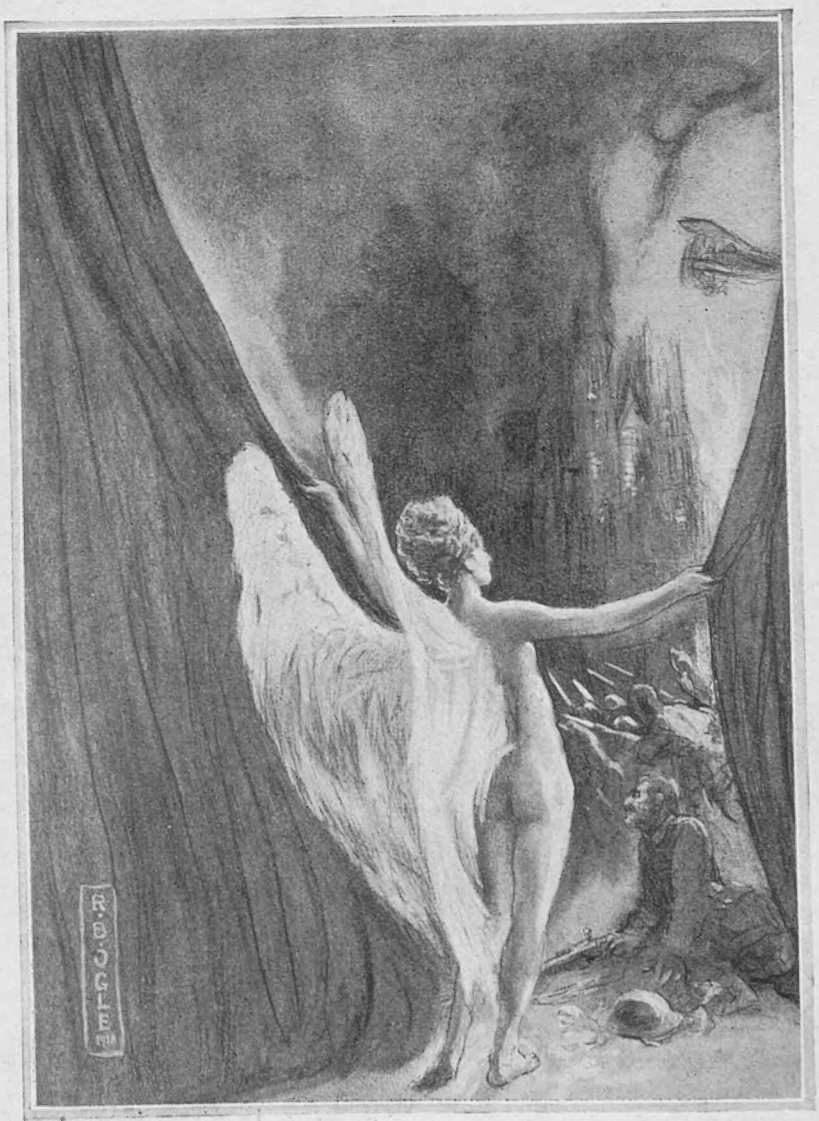
Then the crowd went mad. I was there when the news rushed down on the Strand like a tornado. One moment it was the wonted place, with its ordinary passing crowd. The next it was a howling arena into which had tumbled from shops and great buildings a frenzied, shrieking mob—an amazing transformation. "Germany has surrendered." "The war is won." "My lad is coming back." Nothing even like the scene can have been witnessed before. We stolid English folk flung reserve to the winds. Of course, the Americans gave their own lead in their own way, and the Overseas men from Australia, Canada, and New Zealand fed the flame, and Frenchmen and Belgians added their carnival touches.

The King and His People

To rush in our joy to our King was the first thought that came to all; and he was there to receive us. The close, direct, and intimate human touch between the British people and their sovereign was once again made manifest in the supreme moment. In all the agony of the past years he has been the central figure. In the hour when victory came he stood proudly grateful with those who had endured with him. He joined with his people in "The Old Hundred." With them he sang "Home Sweet Home," and when "Auld Lang Syne" broke from the lips of the monster assembly he linked hands with his Queen and family for all to see. Before these moving events came to us, all sorts of little incidents proved that the great grey palace was simply a home.

A Settled Kingship

It has been a terrible time for royalties. Kings have tottered and fallen in a night. The Williams of Prussia are out and under. Tino is amongst the casualties, and the fledgling of Austria has but ruled for a matter of months. But with us and with Belgium and with Italy everything is different. King George



PASSED BY CENSOR

"RING DOWN THE CURTAIN!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

is enthroned in his people's love, and the war tumult has but strengthened his throne. His inner worth and gifts of mind and heart have proved themselves to all of us; nor do we forget that it is his son who has shared the hardships of the battlefield and won the affection of all ranks amongst the gallant While there is a Tommy left that knew the mud of Flanders, the Prince of Wales will never lack a champion.

War Honours

No one will cavil at an honours list, however long, if it only includes our soldiers and sailors. Surely the others have had their deluge already. The clubs are debating General Haig's reward. Is it to be an earldom or a dukedom? Haig stuck it out and got there—right there. For Sir David Beatty a peerage is considered certain, and had the German Fleet come out, "according to plan," he would surely have won a higher step. And, of course, there are many others. General Allenby and Sir Harry Wilson are sure of high and splendidly deserved distinction.

And Now—the Election

To pass from the great stage of war sacrifice to bickering—and unnecessary and most undesirable bickering—at the hustings, is to leave the magnificent for the utterly squalid and tawdry. I suppose even now the election will be forced on us in spite of the fact that feeling almost everywhere is daily rising against it. There is nothing to be gained by an election now and much to be lost—including the reputations of all who are responsible for it.

"HOUSE FULL"

"Switzerland? Sorry, not a room to be had in the place—ex-Royalties, you know, sir!"

"Feed the Brute"

The proposal that the Entente shall help to supply food for starving Germany is a little unusual, but apparently it is the only way out. Germany seems to have learned her lesson, and it profits us nothing to prolong the agony. It is said that hunger will tame even a lion; how much more readily should it tame a plucked eagle? We have fought this war with many new weapons. We have fired silver bullets, and fed the guns with war-bonds; and now it seems that the humble slice of bread and butter is going to play a direct part in bringing peace and goodwill to men.

Obituary

We regret to inform our readers that "Jack Johnson," whose witty and wise articles, under the title of "Somewhere in Flanders," have brightened our pages since the beginning of the war, died of pneumonia on Monday, 11th inst. The following appreciation is written by a gifted lady friend of our lamented contributor:—

"Jack Johnson": By a Friend

Dawn has come, as dawn must always come, however dark the night. And the whole world is singing at the birth of a new day. But of those who have kept that long vigil there are many to whom the song of victory sounds dim, because of another sound—the footsteps turning homewards which will never cross the threshold, the voices we love which (except in our hearts) we will never hear again upon this side of life. I wonder how many readers knew "Jack Johnson"—his quick sympathy, his gift of friendship—the delightful personality, made up of irrepressible youthfulness and quaint maturity of outlook, allied to the most complete and original sense of humour it is possible to come across. He himself would be the first to turn hastily aside any reference to his own part in the war.

Of how, in spite of a bad smash flying some years ago, putting soldiering in the trenches out of the question, he insisted upon joining up as an observer so long as his health stood it; and afterwards devoting himself to work out there of a very strenuous kind. There was something about him which would always have kept the precious spirit of youth. In any case, he was not destined to grow old—he died on the day the armistice was declared; but to us, his friends, he will never die.

S. G.

STOP PRESS

OFFICIAL.

Bystander H.Q. Monday, Nov. 18, 1918.

At the moment of going to press, information is to hand that the Great Push for THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, on sale to-day, has started.

Latest information indicates that it has already attained a great success on an extraordinarily wide front. The plan of campaign was a complete surprise. The idea running through the issue is a novel one and very appropriate in these early days of the cessation of hostilities, the idea—treated humorously, of course—being "If Germany Had Won." Unless you are very quick, you may be left without a copy.

O/C Bystander, Nov. 18, 1918

The Call of the Blood

Chorus (Wellington, Queen Elizabeth, Nelson and William Pitt): "'Statues' and 'Shades' be blowed! We're British flesh and blood *this* week—and—don't you forget it!"

"HAVE—WE—WON—THE—WORE?—YUS!!!"

(We hadn't room for Sir Francis Drake, Henry V., and several others, but they WERE *there!)*

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 18, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

So it is peace again, here in England now. As suddenly as it came, as suddenly it is over, after four years and a hundred days, such war

. . . . . as blind Homer never sung
Nor Hector, nor Achilles never knew.

One moment the guns thundered, the rifles cracked; the next—

There was music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears

卐 卐

"Our very perfect knights and paladins"

AND it is, too, the right peace—peace with honour, peace with victory, the peace our brave men fought and our dear dead died for, the peace we have sacrificed, oh! what irreplaceable treasure to regain. But it has come, of course, to a world that's not at all the same old world as the gay, untried, untroubled one it forsook in August, 1914.

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ONE does not go down into the deep, dark waters of grief or dwell for weary months and years in the shadow of fear and come out into the light of day again *quite* the same; and men do not wound and kill and see appalling sights and change their whole way and manner of life and remain as before these unusual happenings.

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EVEN war, of course, does not change human nature—that is immutable, ever-changing, yet unchangeable. But Armageddon has altered everything else—our lives, our habits, our homes, our beliefs, our boundaries. We have lost much, but we have gained also a good deal—a wider outlook, a better knowledge of the divine in man, a deeper love for the beloved country that was threatened but is now our own again because of the valour of

. . . . . every fervent yet resolvèd heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace

"The pitiless rain that turns London streets into promenades somewhat cheerless"

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ONLY the very worthless can have lived through these wonderful war years and come out untouched, unaltered; and they are few indeed, those fortunate ones who have had no men to give to England, or, giving them, now get them back unhurt. A war-poet has written—

I sometimes think that I have lived too long
Who have heard so many a gay, brave singer's song
Fail him for ever . . . . .

"The men who have fought for us"

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PEACE had come, and victory. But the price of it—immeasurable, uncounted—appalled and steadied and stunned us, even as we drank the cup. And to discourage any desire there might have been *too* suitably to "celebrate" our fine and famous victory, the elements collaborated to produce a gloom—well, you know what England *can* do in the way of climatic depression when she really sets her mind to it!

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ON that momentous Monday of armistice, though at the eleventh hour the sirens blew and the guns boomed and the "All Clear" sounded and the children dashed from school and the flags waved from the windows and grown-ups shut up shop and walked the streets and sang and shouted and drank to Victory. . . . On that momentous Monday the heavens, anyway, refused to rejoice with us. Even quite early a soft, sad, still, grey pall hung brooding over London, and by three o'clock on that historic November afternoon there was darkness, and then rain—the soft, straight, pitiless rain which turns the London streets into promenades somewhat cheerless even for the most determined of peace-celebrants.

(*Continued on page 320*)

En Route to a Far, Far Better 'Ole

PASSED BY CENSOR

"'STRUTH!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Counting up their Bradburys next day"

BUT it was, of course, a "great" night all the same, and above all in the old joy-places that, for some of us, are so full of ghosts. At the theatres—especially those given over to the lighter side of the drama, where legs and lingerie matter more than "book" or brains—there swept an excess of that conviviality between stage and stalls which has thriven so amazingly since the New Army came into being. There was an added sparkle to bright eyes, an added zip to popular songs, a tremendous underlying excitement everywhere.

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AND at the restaurants vast crowds *determined* to be cheery no matter how uninspiring our (still) war-food or how fabulous the profiteering on *vin ordinaire* of the most ordinary. Those who mourned our fallen conquerors kept at home and hid their grief, of course, for to the stricken soul how impossible is London, the gay, the sparkling. But there are others, many of 'em, thank goodness; and counting up their Bradburys next day must have made sit up in wonder even the war-gilded *restaurateur*.

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CROWDS are apt to lose sight of essentials, but at least our peace crowds remembered one thing—that all we have, and are, and all we shall be, we owe to the never-to-be-forgotten devotion and valour of those our very perfect gentle knights and paladins, the men who have fought for us.

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MAY they rest in peace! And then, before all else, before even we start to rebuild this devastated world—may we have justice on their murderers. Vengeance is ours! Let us repay—for all the anguish and all the heartache and all the horror of this awful war. It will not bring them back again, and it will not soothe our unending sorrow, but it is all we can do now for our defenceless dead—to defend their honour.

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THIS is a sad letter, and I'm so sorry, and I won't do it again, really, *ever*. But, oh! cousin, how can one be gay remembering all those graves in France and in Africa, in Mesopotamia and Macedonia, in Gallipoli and Italy, and in the sea—graves that hold the youth of our generation and our sad, sad thoughts? One is grateful—grateful beyond words—but it is so hard to take even the gift of England, our England once again, from those so cold young hands, now that those radiant young eyes are so unendingly closed!

SOON, of course, the pain will pass, the sword will not turn so fearfully in our hearts when time has dulled the ache of their absence—kind time, the transmuter of sorrow to tender gladness. The places of our gallant men can never be filled, but through our tears there may shine the radiance of their dear memory, which will grow, as the light of sunrise grows, till nothing but gladness remains and nothing but pride in their undying glory.

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THERE is only one anodyne—to make the England they died for an England worthy of their sacrifice. And it will take some doing.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY AND PEACE

On November 12, the King and Queen and as many of their people as could be contained within St. Paul's Cathedral, joined in a solemn service of Thanksgiving. Vast crowds could not obtain admittance, but they patiently waited till the close, and cheered the King and Queen and Princess Mary, whom our picture shows leaving the Cathedral after the Service

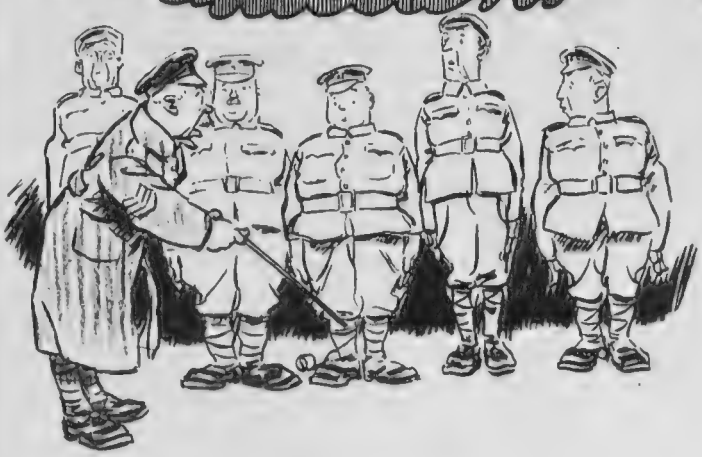
THE SILENT NAVY

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

A Fair Knock-Out

"Blime, Lizer, the War's over"

The Ballad of Forty-Five



by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

In our hearts we know that those who have "gone west," constitute our only aristocracy.

And so it comes about that, in the Army, our only heroes are the dead ones.

In spite of my shortcomings I received nothing but consideration at the hands of my comrades. My Quarter-Master-Sergeant, for instance, was at infinite pains to provide me with buttons that would not polish and a tunic that would not fit.

And I am bound to say that he succeeded admirably.

III.

The Quartermaster is a man
Who tries to help you all he can.

CANDOUR forces me to confess that my entry into Armageddon was not of the triumphal order. It is true that on the day I joined up—as a private—*John Bull* said the war was as good as over, but that was all.

I should have created more stir if I had missed a first-night at the Empire in the old days.

And I became less of a hero than I had ever been.

That is the curious thing about the Army. So long as you can manage to keep clear of it, you are treated with a beautiful contempt. Once you are caught in its meshes, you become a slacker of the deepest dye. So far as the Army is concerned, the Conscientious Objector does not exist. It is only the civilians who fret and fume. But let him decide to join the combatant ranks and he immediately becomes a link in a never-ending chain of contumely and contempt.

"My Q.M.S. was at infinite pains to provide me with a tunic that would not fit"

The soldier who has never been to France is less than the dust to the veteran who can sport a blue chevron.

The man who has been safely "over the top" despises the Staff, and is in turn despised by the Gold Stripe who has "stopped one."

Even now between the old army and the new there is a great gulf fixed. In certain circles the D.S.O. is an empty bauble and the Military Medal a matter of luck. Wearers of the red chevron and the watered ribbon of Mons may consider themselves our military Vere de Veres, but—

The battalion being under canvas, I was squeezed into a tent containing eleven drapers' assistants from Wales and a London newsboy who had left a one-man business in the Tottenham Court Road.

Thirteen is an unlucky number.

I pointed this out to the corporal.

But he was not superstitious.

"Anyway," he said, "it's only for one night. "*You'll have two more coming in the morning.*"

After the first fiasco, which happened at rouse parade on the morning following my arrival, I made Higgins—the paper merchant—my chief of staff, attaching him to my person for all matters of discipline, polish—and pay.

Thereafter my buttons shone like Verey lights on a dark evening when there is no fog. Thereafter I ceased to be the prey of sleepy corporals who called me Harold, and implored me not to "cammyflage" my buttons with dubbin and my boots with brasso. On the fourth morning, when Higgins had got well into his stride, I was called forth as an example of "how to do it," thereby earning the envy, hatred, and malice of the whole platoon. Higgins, in particular, was told to take a leaf out of my book.

As Higgins was drawing half-a-crown a week with the proviso that he forfeited sixpence every time I was found wanting, he was rather pleased than otherwise.

But the attitude of the eleven drapers was distinctly cool—not to say frosty.

Unfortunately, Higgins could not hold my hand in the less domestic walks of military life. He could not "cant 'my' rifle smartly upwards with the right hand" any more than he could "cut that hand away

with a stiff breeze," when its mission in life had been accomplished. All unaided, I had to assume the standing load-position and hurl dummy bombs into space. And, even as my nephew had said, the specialists began to get sick of me.

But still, through all failures, trials, and disappointments, my buttons continued to blaze for me a trail of glory along which I travelled with comparative impunity.

For, in the Army, it is wonderful what a multitude of sins can be "cammyflaged" by a tin of Soldier's Friend, carefully applied.

As Higgins would apply it, for instance.

About this time Higgins began to take an interest in my spiritual welfare. "What you want, Harold, old man," he said, "is a bit more *Swish*. It's positively heart-breaking the way you carries yourself. You wouldn't break up a dustman's home. I cleans your buttons and your boots. I gets the stains out of your tunic. I sets your puttees to rights—and the result is a wash-out. You wouldn't turn the 'ead of a workhouse kid. What you want, Harold, old man, if you don't mind me saying it, is a bit more *Swish*, and if you don't know what *Swish* is, I'll tell you. *Swish* is all the difference between a swagger cane and a wooden leg. It makes a chap go down the street just as though he'd bought it last pay parade, and still had a bit to put in the war loan. *Swish* makes an orderly corporal cry for work and a company storeman believe that he's the very devil of a fellow. Nursemaids cringes before it and even barmaids has been known to unbend. Nothing like *Swish*, Harold, old man."

"All the Florries and the Nellies fell into his cap like over-ripe pears"

"What are we going to do about it?" I asked.

Higgins considered for a moment. "The trouble is, Harold, old man, you've got no interest in life. You want to chuck a chest and get a girl in tow. A night's birding would do you all the good in the world."

Higgins, when most colloquial, would justify the addition of an interpreter to my personal staff.

"Some old soldiers as have forgotten their job, and some young corporals as never learnt it," he sniffed scornfully, "seems to think that a chap shines his buttons for fear of being on the peg. Such is not the case. There's always a girl at the back of bright buttons. That's why the War Office puts a camp near a big town. No town—no girls. No girls—no bright buttons. Look at Catterick Camp! Miles from anywhere, and their buttons might have been carved out of putty with a dirty chisel."

"If it's girls," said I, "we might give the treatment a trial."

"Now, Harold, don't forget we close at ten on Fridays," came in sepulchral tones from our tent.

The sort of futile remark you would expect from a draper's assistant.

What makes a soldier fight like hell
To hold the *something* line?

On the memory of my "birding" expedition with Higgins I prefer not to linger. Birds there were in plenty, but the business was a one-sided affair from the start. Try as I might, I could *not* keep my end up. Always it was Higgins who supplied the necessary small talk—the patter and the persiflage. Always it was I who bored the companion bird to distraction.

We changed couples more than once, but all to no purpose. We must have shot over an entire covey in the course of the evening, but never a bird fell to my gun. Sometimes Higgins would walk in the middle while I would amble along on the flank, but, even so, I was little better than a death's head at the feast. When Higgins said that I shouldn't break up a dustman's home, or turn the head of a workhouse girl, he was speaking strictly to the book.

And all the time, I was striving to discover what mysterious and irresistible lure lurked behind the unprepossessing exterior known to men as No. 932614 Higgins, Henry, Private. Wrinkled in face and warped in figure he might be, but all the Florries and the Nellies fell into his lap like over-ripe pears, until he was positively glutted with good things.

He accepted their adoration as a matter of course. Not because he looked upon it as his due, but because he did not consider the matter at all. To him the love affairs of No. 932614 Higgins, Henry, Private, were non-existent, save as trifling episodes in the day's work.

Had he realised his success he would have put it down to *Swish*, and he would have been right, for no other thing could have worked this miracle. *Swish* it was that carried him lightly through the lists of love just as surely as it was *Swish* that prompted him to leave safe cover to die for a pal when the tide of battle roared and rattled around the battered salient of Wipers.

Sometimes I fancy myself leaning over him and asking him why he did it.

"*Swish*, Harold, old boy. Just *Swish*," is his invariable reply.

And if I failed to learn the lesson he strove to teach, the fault—and the loss—were surely mine.

(To be continued next week)

British Phlegm

PASSED BY CENSOR

Some excitement does occasionally break out in flags and shouting crowds, but that is chiefly among the frothy elements of the British masses

The Avenue of Victor

BUST OF BISMARCK :

("Siegesallee") at Berlin

HAT YOU, WILLIAM?"

Keeping the Peace

By THE OLD GUARD

Much talk was there abroad, masters, of the fitting celebration of the day of peace for which we waited so wearily and so long, and which has come to us at last. One will have it that on that splendid day there should have been nothing less than sheep and oxen roasted whole in the streets; another called for the simultaneous glare of a million bonfires, that should put a flaming girdle round the earth to mark the final and happy triumph of the human over the beast. But in these lean days sheep and oxen for roasting whole are not readily come by; and we might not wantonly feed beacon fires with fuel that must serve a greater need. Thus we arrive at the last and most popular solution of the problem. There were not wanting those who strenuously vowed that, since we had by the favour of Heaven come to a turning point in human affairs that shall be a landmark for all time to come, it was the plain duty of every conscientious citizen to go out and get drunk.

For ourself, we are no Puritan, as the angels will sadly testify; and on a less solemn and momentous occasion it may be we had held that the timely word had been rightly said. We would have joyously filled our cup with the best, and filled it again if only in proper scorn of the killjoys who would have it that there shall be no more cakes and ale; and we make no doubt that we should not have held it fitting that so great an hour in our life should pass without at least three brisk fights with lawfully constituted authority. At such moving times as these, there is in the rich English blood a wholesome craving for genial excess, though to-day we have no part or lot in such pardonable extravagance.

For, brothers, this is no common peace. Nor has this been a common far-off war, of which we have heard vaguely from the swiftly passing courier. We may scarce reach out a hand to-day but we must touch one among us that has bought peace for us with his scars or his tears; and such a knowledge gives our gladness pause. Let the soldier who has valiantly borne the heat and burden of a well nigh intolerable day make high holiday as he will. For that right he has paid the price in full. He may hang his cap on the end of his rifle and wave it joyously aloft, and none will hold his merriment out of place. And the young and care-free, who see only in the coming of peace the confusion of the King's enemies, would have been less than proper types of the British citizen to come if they had not run their riot to the full.

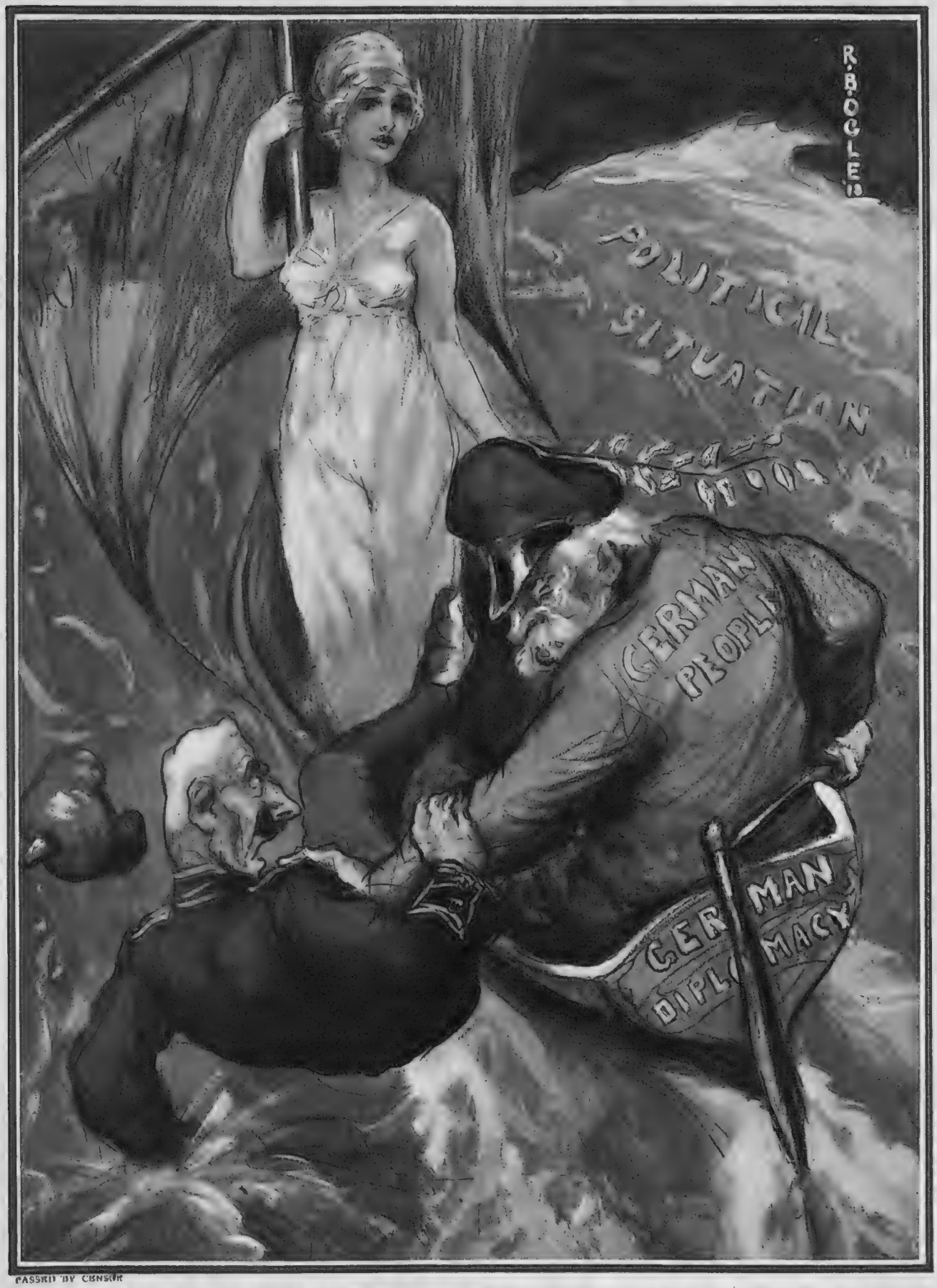
AN OUT SIZER

"I can't quite make up my mind whether to take you on or not. Wot I'm afraid of is, that we ain't got a bed to fit yer, and we should 'ate to 'ave to put yer to any inconvenience!"

But we that are old remember, and in the day of peace it were ill in us to forget. Within sight of the waving flags and streamers, within hearing of the glad pealing of the bells, there must, unhappily, be many that sit alone in the darkness and hold a bruised heart as they watch the re-uniting of love and love in which they may have no part. These also have paid the price in full. And we, standing proudly foremost, as we do, among the intellectuals of our day, plead with our kindred in the days of their greatest joy to take thought for the hidden wounds which in these times must bleed anew.

For ourself, the day of peace passed by in the finer dignity of reverent silence. It was for us but to pause a moment to lift our eyes to the hills with a grateful benison on the memory of them that died to keep us free, and then we have diligently turned again to the work that has been found for our hands to do.

Place for the Lady



OLD MAN FRITZ: "There vos not room for both of you, and I prefer the lady!"

A PERFECT

"TAG"

TWELFTH NIGHT AT THE COURT

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER*

THE principal charm of this play is that it is so very English. It is true that some of the distinguished ladies and gentlemen associated with the production are more or less Irish; but in their work they have scrupulously respected the English tradition. Shakespeare (even if his other name was Bacon) was distinctly English; and the scenery in which this play of his is set is very English indeed. I suppose I shall be breaking no confidence if I admit that as a nation we are not over artistic, Heaven in its wisdom having made us for sterner things. We should have to go abroad for more elaborate ideas of art; and in these days of patriotism, when we very rightly feel a new pride in our race, such a confession of weakness is unthinkable. You have only to look at the drawing of Malvolio that decorates the programme to be satisfied that English art is the keynote of the production.

In other days we might have alleged that a certain insufficiency of perfection existed on this side of the presentation; but to-day we can dutifully swallow a lump in our throat and thank heaven it is no worse.

THIS play, which some think was founded on an old Italian story—even in Shakespeare's day, it seems, we had to go abroad for ideas—is one of William's most successful attempts at humour. (I ought, perhaps, to apologise for calling him William, not only because it is so confoundedly familiar, but because the name has of late years been brought into such dismal disrepute.) And the humour is very English. A good deal of it is of the kind that the Oxford undergraduate or the budding curate will indulge in after he has read exhaustively several expert authorities on how to make a joke. Much of the word-play, for instance, between the clown and his victims might have been ground out by machinery adapted for the purpose, just as the arithmometer will grind out the results of multiplication sums by the simple method of turning a handle. Such humour as there is in the play is due to the ability of the ladies and gentlemen engaged in expounding it, and this is where the production at the Court scores handsomely. It shows clearly that in spite of the handicap of Shakespeare's wit, a clever artist can really prove amusing.

ON the other hand, it must be conceded that there is much justice in the claim that Shakespeare was not for an age, but for all time. The humour of this play is based on sheer spitefulness, and that is the keynote of much of our humour to-day, as it apparently was then. So much so, that with very slight changes *Twelfth Night* could be made into a modern farce, while any ordinary suburban garden would supply all the scenic effect necessary, and the cast could be made up from the more important members of the servants' hall. Here is the steward Malvolio, with ideas above his station, tricked into the belief that the lady of the house has sent him a love-letter; and he presumes so much on his supposed windfall that they go so far as to lock him up as a person of feeble mind. All this is so very spiteful that the lady of the house is constrained at last to admit, when the facts come to her knowledge, that the poor fellow "has been most notoriously abused."

(Continued on page 334)

MARY GREY AS 'OLIVIA'

On the other hand (this will make a third hand of it), the play might have been written yesterday as a story for the times. It may be interpreted as a contest between the sinful wine-bibber and the invertebrate Prohibitionist who yearns with a sublime futility to make people sober by Act of Parliament. It is, of course, a story of the brave Elizabethan days, before we were afflicted by the un-English Liquor Control Board, or whatever is the official name of that paragon of ridiculous ineptitude; and it shows how the genial quaffer of the loving cup scores, as he was bound to do, over his mediocre critics every time. Exhibitions of intoxication on the stage are not always to be commended; but Mr. Arthur Whitby's representation of Sir Toby Belch in his cups is as inoffensive as it is wholly delightful. After the four years of conscientious tea and ginger-ale that patriotic duty has imposed on us, I found Mr. Whitby's study of mild inebriety quite beautiful. We knew perfectly well, of course, that it was only an imitation, because the means for producing the real effect are not available to everyone. The liquor business to-day is conducted with such exquisite clumsiness that only the expert drinker, whom it was designed to suppress, can manage to procure his favourite tipple; while the raw amateur, as it were, is compelled to go without entirely.

The chief interest, of course, centres in Mr. Herbert Waring as the unhappy Malvolio, an extraordinarily careful study. Mr. Waring presents just such a man as Malvolio presumably would have been in real life; whereas some actors who have taken the part have contrived to jerk in a little of their own humour here and there so that the character shall not be taken too seriously. Undoubtedly Mr. Waring's reading is the purest and most consistent; and Shakesperian enthusiasts will be delighted with it accordingly. For myself, however,

I much prefer the type of Malvolio who seems to be aware of his extravagance and interprets it in the spirit of farce. Still, I suppose, if you are a conscientious player of Shakespeare, you ought to stick to your book faithfully, and this Mr. Waring does all the time.

With the exception of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, this rigid adherence to the text of the author is characteristic of the whole production. The two gallant knights, having abandoned themselves to the meretricious allurements of strong drinks, are, of course, outside the pale, and are irresponsible enough to be able to interpret their parts as they choose. Miss Leah Bateman, however, as Viola, is in deadly earnest, even where her lines, here or there, might, if she had chosen, have been expanded into something like a humorous reading. One felt, however, that she was remarkably successful in delineating the kind of Viola that the author had in mind. Miss Mary Grey is properly majestic as Olivia, and Mr. Terence O'Brien, as Orsino, speaks his lines with the nice precision and dignity that become a reigning duke.

The production is extremely interesting, and it should receive the patronage of all who believe in supporting home industries. But even the fascinations of the immortal William pale beside the temporary importance of the very mortal one who has caused more excitement by his retirement than he ever did in any other way. And now comes the blessed news of cessation of hostilities; and this is not the moment to sit writing of the mere playhouse. I must go out and wave a flag, and, if nobody is watching, I may get the chance to whoop a little. For it is a great day for us all, and I don't want to miss any of it. God Save the King! JINGLE

Picked from the Woods

PREPARING SEEDS FOR THE RASPBERRY JAM RATIONS

Armistice

Monday, November 11—Dense crowds of people outside Buckingham Palace, cheering and waving flags

In last week's "Bystander" we asked "Should we shout?" As shown in the above

Rejoicings

The King and Queen appear on the baloony of the Palace, to be greeted with vociferous shouts

pictures, vast masses of Londoners answered the question with a loud "Yes!"

ACK-EMMA

By "C. C. GEARS"

["*On the battle front in the four months ended September 30 nearly two thousand Hun machines were accounted for in France by the Royal Air Force alone.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

HE probably mixed his drinks last night. But being young, a child merely in point of years, he can do this through a succession of nights and remain fit.

Still, his squadron commander had looked at him a moment over the top of a newspaper the night before, and had murmured, "Ack-Emma for you to-morrow, young feller-me-lad," and had then retired into the depths of it again. But he knows what this means. Ack-Emma, or early morning (a.m.) work in the air, very early morning, ugh!

His orderly, always optimistic about flying weather, not having to fly himself, breaks upon his dreams in the darkness, and he sits up. You know that feeling, when you are pitchforked from deep sleep in a warm bed to sudden wakefulness and responsible action?

AN OLD WAR HABIT

BROWN (*late R.E. Signals*): "Our representative will call on you at 10-ACK-EMMA to-morrow—ack!—ack!—ack!—repeat that, please"

You are dazed and horribly cross, and you feel miserably helpless as you fumble for elusive clothes. He feels all this, as he flings leather things on over his pyjamas and shivers his way into the aggressively-cold outer darkness. He is to go up on an offensive patrol to catch the early morning Hun, who comes over, flying low, in the wake, as it were, of the receding night. An "O-Pip," he calls it, and swears slowly and vehemently as he stumbles towards the sheds.

It is just that period of time when the dying night breaths its last damp breaths, and the unborn day stirs in the womb of the east. The time when a man's vitality is at its lowest ebb, and his courage wavers.

There are gruff voices of men heard here and there, unseen. An order or two snarled rather than spoken; the sound of boots scrunching on cinders, and the sudden *staccato* roar of an engine as it is tuned up.

Unlike the sailor, whose long training takes him wakeful and alert from snug bunk to perishingly-cold bridge as a matter of course and second nature, this man's training has been short, though sharp, and the task is the harder thereby. He pulls himself together, yawning, and, after swearing again, this time at a mechanic who has bumped into him, feels slightly better.

There appears a faint glimmer of dawn which spreads rapidly. Blobs of human shape appear from nowhere in particular. The hangars loom up enormous in the background. His machine as it is wheeled out looks monumental. There is no talking. Everyone is busy and bad-tempered, and he waits, pulling absently at his gloves and wondering when the devil the men think they will have done fussing her about. He counts gloomily the gaunt poplars that line the road to the right of the aerodrome, as, one by one, the dawning day reveals them, and stamps his freezing feet.

Presently away she goes with him alone, into the brooding skies. Nobody has yet explained satisfactorily to me the sudden change that takes place in the temperament of a pilot as he leaves the ground; but fly behind them and you will see that a change there surely is. He is now playing a lone hand in a dread game, and he plays it with all the old cunning and the old dash. But don't ask him to explain how. He will stare blankly at you, and then yawn. He has now three responsibilities. The early morning Hun, hiding possibly behind that bit of cloud there (we'll go and see); the good conduct and safe return of his machine; and the carrying out of squadron orders, and the increasing of squadron totals of Huns brought down. There is, you will say, the responsibility of his own life. No; because when he begins to reflect upon this, his squadron ceases to bear him upon its establishment, and he becomes "non-effective."

Later, the work done, for explanation of which see above quotation of Hun casualties, he heads for home with a light heart, an enormous appetite, and a craving for tobacco.

See these same men a week later, in a club smoking-room, and you will observe what appear to you to be quite ordinary men, albeit they speak another language, the high technique of their trade; but it is when you know, and can appreciate, something of the work they do, have done, and will do again, that you agree their motto, *per ardua ad astra*, was very well chosen.

Brought to Book!

"THE TURNING"

A sequel to the double-page cartoon showing the ex-Emperor running amok, in THE BYSTANDER *of March 13, 1918, under the title of "It's a Long Lane"*

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The Perfect Batman

By "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

Ever since—the end of the war in sight—I adopted the inspiring motto of "Think commercially and think it NOW!" and hung it up over the foot of my bed, the effect on Charlee, my batman, has been most encouraging. Of course, money-making schemes are still in their infancy, but money-saving schemes are being splendidly developed. It speaks well for Charlee's prowess in this direction when I tell you that his rapacity for acquiring from the A.S.C. Depôt the largest and tenderest cuts of meat, entirely irrespective of weight, is the basis of a vendetta of the most deadly and terrifying description now being waged between Charlee and his colleagues. Although his *moral* is unimpaired, yet being a prudent man he never fails to wear a tin hat when collecting rations, and always carries a little bit of lead piping up the sleeve of his tunic. Charlee is quite modest about his success. As he remarks, when unloading the goods with a thud upon the floor: "Of course, I done a bit of butchering once myself, sir, and I know how to get round 'em!"

Anybody seeing Charlee returning with the cheese ration would imagine that he was setting up in the soap business for himself.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the question of jam caused me no little anxiety. There seemed to be a conspiracy between a gentleman of the name of Tickler, the Detail Issue Store officer of our Base, and my own batman to make my life a burden to me. For months the name of Tickler stared me in the face as I sat at meat. The name never varied.

Summer gave way to autumn and autumn succumbed to winter's dreary spell, and still the inhuman crusade to break me and throw me a helpless wreck upon the streets continued with devilish relentlessness. The word Tickler fastened itself upon my brain. I would wake up in the night screaming "Tickler" at the top of my lungs, and only repeated morphine injections could lull me back to slumber. My health began to sag. I became listless and apathetic; I developed buzzing noises in the head, tightness after eating, and, in particular, flashes before the eyes, when the word TICKLER seemed to illuminate the firmament like a monumental sky-sign. My friends soon recognised that the only way to save me from the crushing expense of a home was to find me a new batman without an instant's delay—a man who, at one time or other in his military career, had suffered even as I was suffering.

Such a man was found in Charlee, and to-day I can truthfully declare that my health is such that only last week I was presented with an illuminated address by the manager of the life insurance company to which I subscribe.

And Charlee is never baffled. When the meat supply ran out the other day, and I suddenly remembered a French officer was coming to dinner, it was Charlee who found the solution.

"It's all right, sir," he announced cheerily. "I've got a mate in the M.T. who's doing 30 miles in a lorry this afternoon, and he's a perfect terror for chickens!"

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE PERILS OF DEMOBILISATION

"Say, Bill, don't that bit o' washin' make yer think of home?"
"Ye-es—an' the missus's flatiron!"

ONKLE JULIUS'S CONVERSION

BY THE BYSTANDER IN NEW YORK

It is an old remark that every Hun undertaking ingeniously foiled itself during the war. Let me tell how the ultra-clever Hun U-boat raid against Columbia's coast, which made such a stir last summer, led to the new Fourth Liberty Loan of six thousand million dollars being swollen by an extra million dollars which it would otherwise certainly never have seen.

The hero is a very hyphenated German-American gent named Herman Julius Bierbauch, of Milwaukee, Wis., who's known as "Onkel Julius." Onkel Julius, of course, is properly naturalised; and Lord forbid that I should suggest he is not properly loyal. He'd no more think of blowing up a munitions plant than he would of—doing anything else in the least bit risky. He's a good 75 per cent. American.

But Onkel Julius is not a spendthrift; his wife, Tante Hedwig, is the cheapest-dressed hyphenated Hausfrau in Milwaukee, Wis.; and, what between thrift and hyphenation, he managed so far to live through three Liberty Loans without investing a cent.

Onkel Julius frequents a Milwaukee *Stammtisch*, attended by nine other 75 per cent. hyphenated, prosperous, thrifty German-Americans. And they, too, had not invested a cent. in loans to beat the Hun. But whereas they kept that saddening fact duly quiet, Onkel Julius's unjust refusal to help his adopted country with his adopted cash was known to all.

The nine other *Stammtisch* members quizzed unlucky Onkel Julius; and one evening, over pitchers of Busch-Anheuser beer, they hazardously vowed that if Onkel Julius bought $100,000 of the coming Liberty Loan each of them would do the same. In view of Onkel Julius's skinflintiness and almost notoriously indulgent attitude towards his native Hunland, they were sufficiently certain that this vow would never cost them a cent.

Onkel Julius, of Milwaukee, Wis., is a nervous man, with a special distaste for air-bombs. He thanked Gott nightly that he dwelled in distance-protected America, and not in pyrotechnic Paris or reverberating, explosive Mannheim or Essen. When Hun U-boats crossed the Atlantic, and newspapers hinted they might launch air-bombers against Broadway, he postponed a business visit to New York. He waited, in fact, till he read the news that should a Hun aeroplane be seen anywhere north of Sandy Hook, all Manhattan's twenty thousand sirens would start a universal warning howl.

On the opening day of the Fourth Liberty Loan Onkel Julius went to New York and took with him Tante Hedwig. He took her for motives of economy, for he had purchases to make, and if there is one person in Milwaukee thriftier in counsel than Onkel Julius Bierbauch that is Tante Hedwig Bierbauch. After a pleasant afternoon spent in looking at flagged, bepostered Manhattan I., with many invitations to buy Liberty Loan stock and slay the Hun, they went in the evening to "Child's." "Child's" is a New York Lyons', with the difference that, instead of two poached eggs on toast, Miss, you ask for "fresh country sausage" or "griddle cakes with Maple syrup." Now, while Onkle Julius and Tante Hedwig were simultaneously starting on griddle cakes with Maple syrup, a terrible tragedy happened. An ominous hoot was heard. It developed into a howl; crescendoed into a wild demoniacal tumult; climaxed into an ear-splitting scream. It was the howl of Manhattan's twenty thousand sirens all going together.

Onkel Julius collapsed. His face paled, his hand shook, his griddle cake shed all its syrup down his brown slop suit. Tante Hedwig trembled.

"It's a bomb-plane from the German U-boats," ejaculated terrified Onkel Julius. "The Kaiser might as well have chosen a day when no prominent Milwaukee German Americans were here." He groaned. The siren tumult continued; it got higher in pitch, broader in quantity. It was now almost unbearable. Onkel Julius felt crazy; and when he tried to flee his knees failed and he collapsed into his griddle cake.

Tante looked at him affectionately. "You should pray to *der Herr Gott*, Julius," she said.

"I'll do more," said Onkel Julius. "If we escape from this bomb-strewn Hades alive, I'll never be pro-German again; and what's more, I'll buy outright a hundred thousand dollars of Liberty stock——" But he stopped. For hardly had he finished his vow, when there was a magic transformation. The ear-splitting siren howl ceased. There was a pause. And then began the clang of innumerable church bells; there was a wild, universal joy-peal; and then somebody played the Star-Spangled Banner, and every man and woman forgot his griddle cakes and fresh country sausage, and rose reverently up.

"What is it?" asked Onkel Julius to his nearest neighbour. "Do the joybells—does the national hymn—mean that the Kaiser's airplanes have been driven back?"

"What airplanes? You're joking?"

"The bombing airmen. The airmen the sirens warned us of—"

"What nonsense! There are no airplanes. Surely you read the papers? Look!"

The neighbour held out the *Evening World*, and Onkel Julius read: "First Day of Liberty Loan. If this evening you hear twenty thousand sirens all blowing together, remember that this time it does not mean that a Hun airplane has come to bomb our town. The sirens merely mean that the Liberty Loan Campaign opens at eight o'clock, and they will be followed by a prolonged ringing of all church-bells in the town."

So it happened. Next day, Onkel Julius—nerves still decidedly out of order—went back to pastoral Milwaukee, Wis., cursed the nerve-racking Kaiser, and kept his vow to buy $100,000 of Liberty Stock. And he forced his nine *Stammtisch* comrades to fulfil their vows also, and each buy $100,000. As most of them were rich, and the others had good credit (the highest kind of riches), they did it without a groan.

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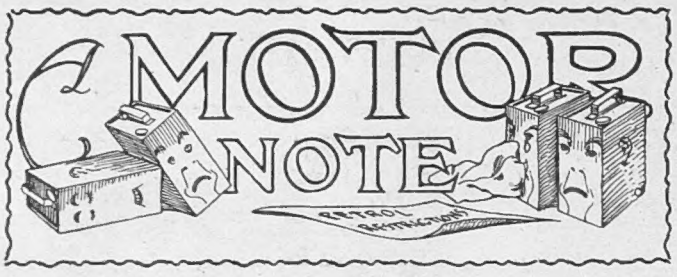
"Exeunt!"

PASSED BY CENSOR

JOHN BULL REMOVES THE RUBBISH



WHAT a show! Talk about a victory procession of the Lord Mayor variety, it was child like to that on Armistice Day — private cars, public cars, R.A.F. lorries, A.S.C. vans, to say nothing of the various M. of M. cars, loaded to the radiator tip with girls, boys, and older folk waving flags and cheering, all merry and bright, bless 'em. Where all the petrol came from for that tour round London town kept me guessing. Still, it won't matter if a few parcels are not delivered when the monthly quota of petrol fails because of that joy-ride that I, for one, would not have missed. Anyway, we shan't be long before "lights up" and a more generous allotment of "juice" will allow a few of us to replace the tyres on our old 'bus and really have a spin in the open as of days now gone by, but returning in the near future.

* * *

BY THE BYE, I wonder if any of those motorists who saw the Lord Mayor's Show noticed the kitchen lorry with its front wheel drive. It got its share of cheers from the crowd due to the handmaidens showing their culinary skill, but I thought of some of our pre-war models and speculated whether this style of transmission will ever find a place in the reconstruction programme of British manufacturers, as the example that paraded hailed from La Belle France. Anyway, we shall see what we shall see at the next show—this time I mean the Motor Show; and from all I hear, it will be a race between the provinces and the metropolis as to which will hold the pride of place, as Edinburgh and Manchester will both make an effort to forestall Olympia, if that site is not available sufficiently early for the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to welcome post-war purchasers there.

* * *

THERE is one thing that the general election will do, I hope, and that is to send a few real motorists into the House of Commons. I ran into our "Brabs," yclept Moore-Brabazon, the other day, and he told me he was going to contest Chatham. As "Brabs" is No. 1 Royal Aero Club Certificate Pilot, the first pukka ticket issued in this country, both aviation and motoring will have a good friend if he manages to persuade the electors that he is the goods for them. At present as a Lieut.-Col. in the R.A.F., he is full of gold lace and ribbons, the recognitions of his talents by the authorities.

* * *

THE Agricultural Hall has been the home of many and sundry shows in its time, but to-day it is housing the exhibition of enemy aeroplanes captured and brought down by us on various fronts. Here you can see Richthoven's red scout fighter and the giant Gotha, to say nothing of Zep. engines and various portions of the impedimenta which make up the whole of the air-fighter's equipment. See 'em is the advice of

OLD HY.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

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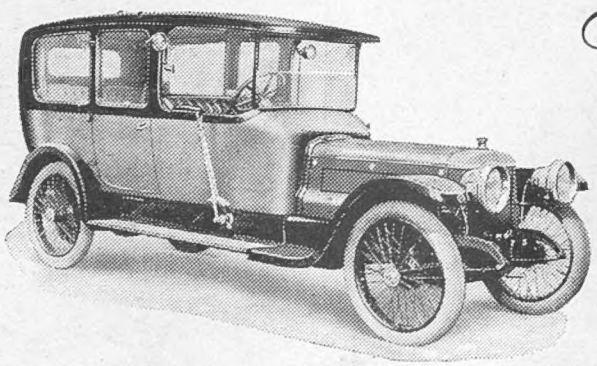

Daimler

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THE Daimler is pre-eminent among motor carriages for its lasting qualities. Apart from the scientific selection of the finest materials and micrometrical accuracy in workmanship, the Daimler embodies in its wonderful sleeve-valve engine principles which have enabled it to establish records which have never been challenged. Power, silence, flexibility and reliability are inherent in the Daimler, and after long years of service these qualities are unimpaired.

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